And so it went all through the afternoon.

the Grand Army of the Republic.

lurked just cross country and had a dozen or so

heavy batteries playing on the deploying

you go about marching that same

streets whose whole area is less than half a

square mile then the task is something her

ulean in its nature, and every resource at the

Well, that is just what Gen. Palmer and his

succeeded in doing, and they did it royally.

Orders were explicit enough and if a difficulty

rendezvous, it was soon brushed aside

and the formation was continued. Old sol-

diers don't mind a little thing like that, and

every man was ready to help get under way on

schedule time the biggest parade the Grand

Army has ever had and most likely ever will.

have again. For many of the veterans it was

to be no doubt the last time they could hope to

in '65, and, in the fullness of twenty-



Who will forget, who can forget, the scene

life and variety in the display. Flags by the

hundred thousand, from the garrison bunting

feeble to be in line, there was no unhappiness. By 8 o'clock an un- tators. although they were interrupted flood of sunshine illumined the Sometimes the marching was irregular, and

to do battle in behalf of national existence, to grand column was ready for them. free four millions of shackled fellow-beings and Union was one and indivisible.

sinstically threwaside all hopes of business pref- tive sides of the car tracks. It was a magnifithe disease-breeding camp, who left mothers many men-could be otherwise than impressive, and sisters and wives and sweethearts that their and when the eager, applauding multitude rehighways of peaceful urban or rural life to work they had done during four years of incesmarch in miasmatic swamps, over burning sant suffering and slaughter they arose to the sands, through snow and mud and fire and a occasion and could hardly contain themselves. paint their achievements in living colors, what | red, white and blue, but there was not even the | will heal forgot the years of agony that have vocabulary of praise, have reiterated every eulogious term and then took refuge in the spontancous utterance that bubbles up from the deep heart-wells of loyalty-God bless the boys!

How young these veterans are! Time's in the frosty breath of many winters whitened their hair, but the old-time vivacity is unabated; the spirit that animated them thirty years ago has lost none of its volume or sparkle. Joints have stiffened and muscles lost their springiness, but neither of these natural afflictions has, as yet, risen superior to the nant feature of patriotism. Supported thus the boys commenced to march in the early sion is one so historic in its character as thisthe grave sometimes to both.

When daylight struggled through the gray

joy every hour of this memorable 20th day of September, while still others had evidently exercised the privilege of every citizento stay up all night if he wants to. Occasionally a band of music, followed by a recently arrived post, would add life to the unusual scene and numbers to the aiready enormous crowd within the city limits. But one subject was discussed and that was the probability of rain. Weather-wise boys in blue were central figures in hundreds of anxious groups, and were popular or otherwise. according to the nature of their predictions, For awhile the atmospheric conditions were depressing and the depression was not removed the weather bureau's statement that fair but cooler weather would prevail in this region. It was not on il the sun's direct rays broke through the misty barrier and brightened every flag and emblem with their golden gleams that anything like meteorological confidence was apparent, Washingtonians distinguished themselves by the fervor with which they offered up petitions

tes models of precision. These were the lighly disciplined posts who have for years were who moved less easily and who brought to mind more vividly the sorrowful realties of war, for there were bowed heads and enfeebled frames and feet that dragged courageously, but heavily, over the smooth street surface. These There was great wealth of musical organizawere the men whose recuperative powers were cause they had sworn to defend and who bore visible evidence of their sufferings in an unaiterably listless manner and offtimes incurable emaciation. The maimed, the halt and the blind, the deaf and the voiceless were there; some seeming young, but most of them surely old.

Brown's Body," "Rally Round the Flag,"

tramp! the boys are have been especially distressing had Jupiter Mexico. Four years of war add a score of years Pluvius selected this particular time and place to the apparent age of many a soldier. Oneat which to swing his watering pot. Two or three armed veterans were common in the parade and who have crossed life's showers later in the day, disagreeable as they there were more than a few who had but one would be, could be borne, but an early morn-leg. Most of the old soldiers whose lower as gray years ago; ing rain would result disastrously for the pa- limbs were too few or were out of order conmany of them are too rade. But there was no early morning rain, so tented themselves with being enthusiastic spec-

city and cheered every one who had the slight- thoughtless people wondered thereat. Why is at they are, nevertheless, est interest in the review of 1892. For fully an it that soldiers who marched as much as these if every man of them hour before preliminary preparations for the men did cannot keep step? was a frequently hal age they would be parade began to materialize business opened up asked question. Who supposes that all these her and to the e who knew on the reviewing stands, and when the head of men marched? What about the cavalrymen, their youth was in full flower; when the great column finally appeared there were who never footed it for a mile if a horse could people on the rough seats who had been wait- be had? Did artillerymen and signal corps illions of loyal Americans to a conflict in ing with all apparent patience for more than operators and surgeons and teamsters distinwhich was to be decided the fate of the greatest | two hours. The time was not monotonously | guish themselves by any feats of pedestrianism? republic this world ever knew or ever will spent, for posts and departments were passing How many officers were there who never had know. These are Father Abraham's boys, who, and repassing -moving toward their quarters an opportunity to become footsore? And what umpet sounded, came from the mills, or marching to take up the positions from about the seamen and marines? But these are looms, the offices and the farms | which they would start when their place in the | all in the Grand Army, scattered through the various nosts and sandwiched in with men who reduced marching to an exact science, and today to make plain to all the world the fact that the when the avenue was fully occupied by the vet- they tramped along the avenue shoulder to erans? Two parallel columns, each twelve files shoulder, careless as to step and paying little These are the boys who cheerfully, enthu- front, occupied the concrete on their respec- beed to the accentuating drum taps; they were in the national capital once more; the remnants erment, who exchanged comfortable homes for cent sight. No organized body of men-so of that victorious avalanche which swept rebellion from out the republic and established tread the long avenue which they trod forever the form of government under which dearer love-Columbia be saved from all membered what manner of men these were and 65,000,000 of people live and prosper on this seven years of peace and prosperity, harm, who forsook the smooth and pleasant with revivified mental vision saw the heroic continent. It was a glorious time when they were here in 1865, but it was less glorious than today. Time has effaced or rendered less sharp the memories of the war. Today's reterrestrial hell in order that a great principle It was a glorious scene. From the Capitol to union touched the triumphant and tender be established on the deepest and broadest the treasury the great avenue was inclosed chords; there was no minor strain. The foundation human minds could plan or human within two walls of color-color that moved in dead were not forgotten, but this hands execute. These are the boys—but who | the pleasant breeze, waved by the unseen hand | was no time for mourning. Men vexed with can recount their daring deeds, what brush can of a sympathetic aerial spirit. Everything was wounds that never have healed and that never

> There was a great deal of flag worship, and not without reason, for in the parallel columns were faded fragments-sacred rags-that had inspired the boys of thirty years ago to valorous endeavor and victory. Beneath the shottorn remnants thousands of the bravest had cheerfully rushed to certain death and neverdying fame, while those who were again as

the hospitals, and today smiled at the plaudit.

which their valor helped to purchase, they were more than ready to let that old enthusiasm rule today. It wasn't easy for many of those grizzled and war-worn men to stand for hours while waiting for the signal to fall in among the grand whole, yet the cool breezes were bracing, and no veteran dropped out of line after his post was under way There was too much pride in the march for him, and if Washington people hadn't forgotten the veteran the veteran wished more than ever to show that he hadn't forgotten, either. And what a crowd of spectators it was that nassed, and jammed, and pushed for squares from the point of formation and the Peace monument. Soon after 8 o'clock the advance guard of

Illinois posts, the first department by reason of seniority, came marching down the avenue to their allotted place at the head of the line. From that time the lower avenue was a scene of pandemonium. As if by magic and almost in the twinkling of an eye far up toward the Treasury building the whole broad boulevard seemed to spring into instant life. Thousands upon thousands of Grand Army uniforms, hundreds of old war-scarred guidons and bright flags and brilliant trappings came flashing into view, and the march of bodies for their stamping ground was incessant. The air seemed throbbing with the volumes of stirring Gov. Pattison of Pennsylvania and staff-Col. sound emitted by band and drum corps, while the clatter of hoofs and the dash of mounted men to show the various departments to parade rest almost made pandemonium reign supremo. Here came the gallant old Veteran Club of Illinois, with its armed guard and soldierly fare the bearskin shakos of the famous National It might reasonably have been supposed that Post of Philadelphia bobbed over snow white uniforms, a departure from Grand Army regulations. Here are the Bucktails and veterans from lows, with platoon that was uninteresting. The vet- corn ears as canteens. There come the John A. Logan and Mrs. Logan, jr., Marshall cuirassicr-like helmets of the signal corps, their Dan M. Ransdell, Quartermaster their best and stepped out with pic uresque signal flags flying and their officers Batchelder, Mrs. Ruch and her two daughters mounted on gray chargers, making them aprecognition they were receiving, responsive to pear like a German army guard. Up the avenue comes a long line of Pennsylvania posts, who were quartered in Camp Farragut, Nichols, were the first to reach the stand this and have to do a great deal of countermarching to bisect the columns of men 9:50, accompanied by the members of the cabi-

> And so all through the nearly two hours which the down-town spectators shouted them-solves well nigh hourse until the last post, both east and west, had arrived at its destination

the onlookers, probably because they were consecutively without discord and breaking the cabinet and others of the official reviewing pleased with the idea of a Union band playing that step in unison? Here on these side numbers of the southern air on such an occasion. The majority of the bands, however, stuck quite closely come marching in to swell the total, and the bewildered spectator doesn't see how it is all go-The colored troops were there; just as pop-ing to end. The massed ranks are getting to ular as any other sections of the columns and be more crowded down there south of the just as proud. Worn old men with the Peace monument every moment, and even up to of wool and the broadest of 6th street several divisions appear to be waitgrins hobbled along, displaying in their ing for some definite order. Indeed, it does movements testimony which entitled them look like hopeless chaos, but it is all part of a to all honor. Black, but heroic; men who set plan, and soon you will see.

fought for their own freedom and did much to Mark those men on spirited horses, who fought for their own freedom and did much to

frantically wave their swords at each street crossing and shout to the marching posts. Department after department, post after post. Near them stand others with banners bearing hearty men and men on crutches, bands, the department name of some state and they drum corps, bright, fresh colors, stained do the work which Gen. Palmer's orders gave and ragged battleflegs, cheers, the clapping of hands, the waving of handkergight and turn through 2d street. right and turn through 2d street. hiefs, the swelling of bosoms, the overflowing They are to wait therefor for the moving

of eyes that would become moist, the twitching signal. Over on the other side and at each of lips that refused to be still and the growth street below the same formula is gone through of that spirit which would impol the meanest mortal to defend the stars and stripes from the look as if there would be something assaults of any or all nations on the face of the orderly out of this whole affair earth—the greatest occasion in the history of after all. In the big thoroughfares beyond the Capitol and in Camp Farragut's direction doz-It is one thing to march in procession on a one of other side are likewise in service, shoutcool day, but quite another to align thousands ing orders and pointing out nearest routes to of men in divisions and perfect moving bodies. the rendezvous. And so when 9:30 o'clock It is easy enough for the veteran posts, sepa- comes everything appears ready for the grand rately and under their various commanders, to finale, to which all this preparation tended. follow the leading files of an army numbering Then comes the hush of expectancy, and as 75,000 or more men, but to have the minutes roll by the crowd begins to grow

thorough system about the affair and impatient. Surely it is time for the starting send the column through its paces signal. Oh! there comes the big civic escort without hitch or break is a feat worthy of gen- of Washington citizens all attired in eralship of the first order. Out in an open black country, with several thousand acres of chargers prance, and Marshal Louis D. field or broken woodland afforded to Wine has his hands full keeping his command deploy, a general might have a com- in shape. Gen. Palmer is coming now, and it paratively easy time of it, providing no enemies must be nearly 10 o'clock. They'll start in a moment now, some one says, but not yet.

Gen. Palmer had all department commanders columns with shell and case shot. But when in conference last evening in his anxiousness to crowd of soldiers into a space traversed by Better have a little delay than possible failhave everything go smoothly. His maxim was

hundreds of aids and department commander or two occasionally interposed as some post or other was hurrying to its appointed ! the monotony of the march.

> where their posts are congregated, and finally they are all in perfect order. That is what each aid reports to his chief and, when the last of the squad has made his precise salute and says each division of the department awaits further orders, the chief's personal aid gallops to where Gen. Palmer is in readiness. The last reports do not need much time and there is the start. An immense amount of executive ability and tact has been displayed, and the combination's results are right there before your eyes. Of course the start is nearly an hour later than you expected, but the fine way it is made outweighs everything and every other consideration, and after all you have seen in the way of chaos the order which arose from the mass in two hours beats anything of the kind you have ever seen before, and it isn't likely you will ever have another chance in the same direction. The parade itself must go down as something of a highly historical nature, and the spectators who were so fortunate as to see the formation, the framework of it all, can have a good idea of what an amount of general ship the veteran commanders of the Grand Army can bring to bear in cases of emergency. About the Vice President's stand on both ides and across the street people were crowded in a solid mass from the ropes back until a building or some other obstruction held them in check.

Admission to the stand was by ticket only and it was therefore not crowded except in the central pavilion reserved for the reviewing party and particularly honored guests. There was a very distinguished group on this part of the stand

Besides the Vice President there were Secre ary of the Treasury Foster, wife and daughter. Mrs. John W. Foster, Secretary Tracy and his laughter, Mrs. Wilmerding: Secretary Noble. Mrs. Noble and the Misses Halstead, Attorney General Miller, Postmaster General Wanamaker, Mrs. Rusk, Miss Rusk, Mrs. Charity luck Craig, Assistant Secretary of War Gen. Grant, Senator Manderson and Mrs. Manderson, Senator and Mrs. Hawley, Senator Gibson, Senator Palmer, Chair-Gibson, Senator Palmer, Chairman John Joy Edson, A. A. Wilson, L. R. Reed, Gen. Greenland, Col. R. Wilber, Col. A. D. Seeley, Col. W. T. Wilson and Col. I. Bradley; Gen. Snowden of Pennsylvania state militia and Col. Charles S. Green and Col. Bonnaface, jr., of his staff; Representative Newberry of Illinois, Representative Mitchell of Wisconsin, Representative Rockwell of New York, Representative Durborrow of Illinois, ex-Speaker Keifer, of Ohio, Representative Boutelle of Maine Gen. Schofield and Gen. Vincent, adjutant of his staff; Mrs. Schofield, Gen. Gibbon, Mrs. and the daughter of Secretary of the Treasury Mrs. W. C. Niehols and Mrs. H. morning. Vice-President Morton arrived at

The rest of the reviewing party shortly afterward. It was 10:55 when the head of the column reached the Vice President

escort of the Albany battalion, was given a very cordial reception both from the reviewing stand and by the surrounding crowd. As he passed he saluted the Vice President with his hand and then turned and saluted the crowd sitting on the curbstones and lining the streets.

The well-drilled posts which held a particularly good line as they passed in review were promptly rewarded by loud applause. The ladies as well as the experienced officers on the stand showed that they knew something about marching, and the drilled veterans found them

Most of the bands as they passed the stand played patriotic music, and the flags at the head of each column were dipped and waved i salute to the Vice President.

Each department in the parade had some one on the reviewing stand particularly interested in it who grew enthusiastic at its appearance on the scene, and the rest of the party responde

battle flags always excited enthusiasm.

murmur of thousands crowded about the stand

of the commander-in-chief announced the van-

guard of the parade. At this time the stand

ence of Mrs. M. S. Hotchkiss, depart-

ment treasurer of Colorado and Wyoming.

and Mrs. F. L. Freeman. The stands

on either side of the commander's booth were,

however, filled with those prominent in the

military and official circles of the country.

As the first band passed playing "My Country

'Tis of Thee' Commander-in-Chief Palmer

dashed up to the stand on horseback and quickly

dismounting amid the handkerchief waving of

the ladies and the loud huzzas of the men

jumped up the steps, carefully took off his

clean white cavalry gloves and took his posi-

tion. He stood with military bearing just on

Behind him and a little to his left stood J.

Thorn, aid-de-camp, from Aspen, Col., holding

the headquarters flag. On his right was Adjt.

Gen. Fred Phisterer. Both were dressed in full

military regalia. Commander W. H. Lini

guy, was also present as representing the navy.

Gen. Palmer had pinned to his breast a small

red rose, his only adornment besides the regu-

He watched each post pass with the appear-

Part of the time Gen. Palmer stood with

folded arms examining critically the various

passing veterans. Corporal Tanner, who

lar insignia of his office.

Gen. Phisterer.

of Admiral T. Bailey Post, No. 562, of Chateau

proper was deserted, except for the pres-

As the parade progressed other members of

"Is it not grand? It is such a parade as only the Grand Army of the Republic could form. Even if they do make a few mistakes in tactics they are to be admired all the more for their Gen. Palmer stood for a long time, but the

fatigue finally became too great and during the breaks in the parade he occupied a chair brought forward to the edge of the steps.

the commander's staff and aids-de-camp gathered on the stand. Among these were Senior Vice Commander Col. H. M. Duffield of Detroit; George H. Keating, past aid-de-camp; Then came the members of the escort, who we John Lombard of Vermont, C. B. Foster, New Haven, Conn.; Gen. Wagner of Philadelphia. As some of the Pennsylvania posts marched by the stand Gen. Palmer said to THE STAR, J. King, S. A. Dougherty, C. H. Welsh, Wm. "Just see that double column. It is magnificent. H. Manogue, F. J. Gramlich, Mathew Trimble, This parade is a grand success."

H. C. Browning, S. S. Shedd, Capt. S. H. Mer The booth and adjoining stands of the commander-in-chief were an artistic piece of decoecognized from the stand they were cheered, ration. They represented a general's tent with H. Chamberlin. Col. William B. Thomp ecognized from the stand they were enecred, radon. They represented a game in front, in Chamberlin, Col. William B. Thou and now and then some hur ble, perhaps shabby stands of musketry and cannon in front, S. Foster, L. C. Bailey, F. Gheen, reteran in the tail end of the line would take off and on either side were the sections of a his hat, recognizing a friend among the cabi-stone fort painted green here and A. C. Tonner, Capt. C. C. M. Loeffer, Meyer his hat, recognizing a friend among the capitation on the there to picture the moss grown Loeb, W. P. Magruder, F. G. Alexan stand, and he never failed to get a stones of which the fort was supposed to be conbow and a smile and a wave of the hand or hat structed. The whole was handsomely decorated in response. The many expressions of recogni- with the stars and stripes. Next to the Presition passing between the reviewing party and dent's stand that of the commander-in-chief the men in line furnished incidents to break | was the most picturesque in the city. Crowd? Oh, no!

when Gen. Henderson, the one-legged nero and the street of Iowa, passed he was given a cheer of recog- pushing, hustling choas of humanity? That's Frank T. Rawlings, W. H. Barnes, W. nition. When the Wisconsin department came about the size of it. along Secretary Rusk and Gen. Fairchild, who | Where did they come from? How did they

Gen. O. O. Howard held his bridle But they all knew what they were there for reins in his teeth, while he raised his hat with | They came to see the greatest sight that Washthe only hand he had. This brought a cheer ington has witnessed in thirty years. They from every one in sight. The posts carrying were out today to see that sight, they were going to see it and that from the best possible It was nearly 11 o'clock when the excited point of vantage.

It was a case of every man for himself and the de'il take the hindermost. Yet withal they were good natured and took buffetings without grumbling, straightway administering the same treatment to the next nearest neighbor.

No sane man would attempt to estimate the number. In fact it could not be estimated numerically, but by area or by the mile. In that count the people who thronged the stands and bedecked every window with eager faces could not be included. They were simply incidents. "The People" were on the street.

That element which Lincoln lovingly called 'the common people" was out in force. Who would object to the definition as Lincoln used it? They were the people after his own heart. The crowd began at the Capitol and ended- a martial appearance. This was the Old Guard where? It was like the horizon, no end. The of this city, a popular military organiza the edge of the top step and there reviewed the further you looked the crowd stood just the

parade, saluting each post as it passed the nung from the balustrades of the terraces. At the Peace monument they formed a sable base for the statuary 300 feet around.

From this point to the treasury, a long mile, they formed one solid, homegonous mass of junior second lieutenant. humanity straining and stretching against the humanity straining and stretching against the wire ropes and surging back and forth as one staff; A. F. Dinsmore, judge Edvocate; John C. wood is borne on the crest of an eddying whirl-

ance of most keen interest and as a post of some particularly distinguishing character was as nothing in that density of humanity. He marched by he turned and addressed some might as well try to move a train of freight cars pleasing words to his companion in the booth, as himself or those around him.

At places it ceased to be humorous and he came serious. Where several currents of humanity converged, as at a junction, it was as brigades and inclining his head as they dipped | between the upper and nether millstone. A common sight to see a man borne from his his hand to the brim of his hat in feet by the pressure and lifted high above the

acknowledgment of the salutes of the heads of his fellows. Some women, foolish creatures, took little

some half crippled old veteran drew cheers. group of maimed veterans, living memorials of the devastation wrought by shot and shell, brought hurrals and shouts from throats grown hasky by repetition.

Great was the parade, but greater the crowd.

the gathering of the clans from every quarter,

Lincoln's grand army of the "common people.

Leading the great procession as it swept up the avenue rode the civic escort of some one hundred and twenty of the well-known citizens of Washington. They were all splendidly mounted and were dressed in civilian dress of a uniform character. Each man wore a high silk hat, a Prince Albert coat, dark trousers, white gloves and carried a white whip. They marched in files of eight in double columns, and by their fine appearance, as well as from the fact that received everywhere along the line with many citizens through whose money and labor the elaborate reception and entertainment to the old soldiers was made possible. Their presence propriate. In command of the civic excert was Louis D. Wine, the marshal, under whose direction the escort was organized and through whose well-known enterprise and energy the details were arranged with so much success. Mr. Wine rode a fine black horse. Behind Mr. Wine rode his chief of staff, M. M. Parker, and then next in a line the four aids, as follows: First nid, S. M. Bodfish; second sid, S. B. Heger third aid, R. A. Farke; fourth aid, M. R. Thorp.

John B. Daish, Andrew Parker, J. L. Atkins,

C. E. Beach, F. R. Cullen, James E. White, T.

T. C. Dodge, G. M. Smith, J. A. Demone W. P. Merriweather, E. M. Dawson, C. B Rheem, Capt. A. A. Thomas, Capt. Allison Nallor, W. C. Bickford, H. A. Drury, P. H. Smith, H. M. Schneider, W. Kesley S I. L. Johnson, J. Maury Dove, C. C. Dune When Gen. Henderson, the one-legged hero Mob? Jam? Rush? A squeezing, jostling, H. McGowan, Maj. H. A. Hall, Wm. S. Ro son, David Cranmer, Dr. Smith Townshend, J. Hocke, J. J. Edson, jr., H. D. Nicholson, J L. Wheeler, F. H. Barbarin, J. B. Cralle, H. Morrison, F. H. Thomas, L. C. Wood, Thos. G. Hensey, John L. Weaver, George Gude, W. H. H. Cissel, Col. Robt, Boyd, P. M. Hough, M. Sells, J. H. Small, John Hockemeyer, Capt. Chas. Childs, Calvin Witmer, Geo. H. Walker, I. N. Runyan, W. H. E. Reinecke, Louis Beyer,

> E. Bell, B. F. Gilbert, H. P. Gilbert, G. W. Cissel, T. H. Bristoe, L. A. Littlefield, Albert Gleason, H. L. Christman. J. F. O'Neil, Capt. A. P. Lacey, M. D. Peck, Robert Cook, F. G. Aukum, T. W. Smith, W. Andrew Boyd, W. R. Speare, R. S. Knoz, P. E. Maxie, C. E. Mallam, Thos. Norwood, J. G. Slater, Capt. Luther Slater, T. J. Sullivan, A. W. Towson, A. M. Wells, E. C. Elmore, Jee H. Vermiiva. The escort of the commander-in-chief fol-

> jr., Robert Ball, Emmons S. Smith, O.

T. Thompson, Capt. Geo. W. Evans,

lowed next, presenting, as to the first divis composed of old soldiers. They were their full dress uniform, which is handsome but not too ornamental. The roster of the Guard is as follows:

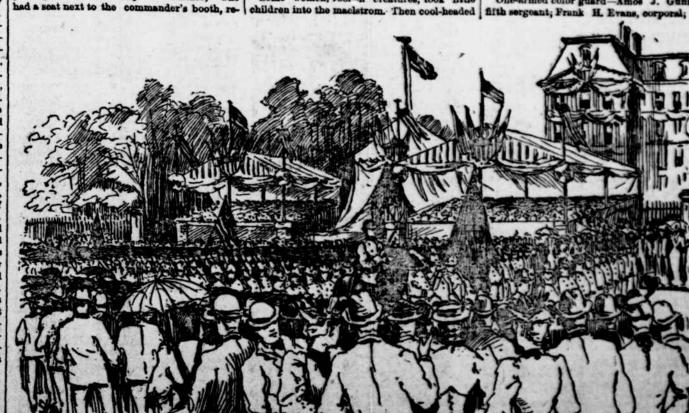
Officers-James M. Edgar, captain; Samuel M. Gordon, first lientenant; Albert H. Van Deusen, second lieutenant; R. Emmet Smith,

body. There was no individual movement. S. Burger, quartermaster; Alva S. Taber, in-One moved with the pack as a piece of drift- spector; Lyman B. Cutler, ordnance officers Dr. Florence Donohue, surgeon; Thomas W. master; Rev. Levi H. York, chaplain.

Non-commissioned officers Alpho Bogia, quartermaster sergeant; George Y. Hansell, color sergeant; George C. Harris, color sergeant; William H. Puss, first sergeant; Frank H. Mooers, second sergeant; Jacob Jacobs third sergeant; George W. Scheerer, fourth Albert Brown, corporal; Charles L. Patten, corporal; Charles B. Sayer, corporal; Samuel B.

fifth sergeant; Frank H. Evans, corporal; B

Swann, corporal.



down to the tiniest representation of the stars and stripes, waved welcome, encouragement and gratitude to the bost that moved steadily onward hour after hour. Tricolor streamers denting fingers have wrinkled their brows and floated from housetops and gyrated in all their beauty out over the twin columns of those who gave the flag of the Union a permanent place among the emblems of nations. Complimentary mottees and patriotic sentences clustered over spared rallied again and the tide of battle ebbed and flowed doorways and hung from available projections. Of more interest than the decorations was the multitude that crowded the sidewalks, filled the mental strength which was always the domi- windows, occupied every inch of the balconics and reviewing stands and stood wherever there was enough flat roof to stand on; a multitude that was morning, and most of them will be too small for the centiment which was generated on their feet for many hours after within it; a multitude that cheered at every opdarkness falls. Only a few admit the portunity and that accepted anything and everypossibility of fatigue. The great majority thing as fair incitement to congratulatory noise; laugh at the idea of weariness when the occa- a multitude that overflowed with the patriotic feeling which naturally grew out of the inspirathe greatest review of the Grand Army of the tion that affected every spectator. Many of Republic that will ever take place on Pennsyl- those who watched the parade were entitled to vania avenue, the broad thoroughfare which place in the column, but physical disability was for a million men the highway to glory or | compelled them to sit and watch their comrades as they participated in the memorable march. And how they marched! Some in as sprightly curtain of cloud which hung most heavily in the | a manner as was theirs when they passed beeast there were hundreds of veterans on the fore their commanders in 1865, with perfect principal streets. Some had just reached the alignment and a bearing that would not be discity, others had tumbled out early so as to en- | creditable to the most thoroughly trained troop //

of admirers.

undertow, now sweeping in resistless waves over a confused and helpless a: m . The flags were cheered and cheered. Veterans lifted their hats reverently as the tattered strips of slik and the few pendent scraps of what was once bright hued fringe were borne proudly past, while parents told their children how precious those blood-defended relics were. This was a great opportunity for patriotic edu-

could have failed to experience a thrill of higher feeling as he or she saw the army—the Grand Army-make its last great march over historic step. There on the other side of the thorough ground. "Old Glory" was a deity this day. the parade would be somewhat monotonous, because of the family likeness between posts. There was not a dull moment in the day; not a erans knew it, too, for they looked all the ability they possessed; proud of the 'the warm greeting, every man's heart bound-

Then the bands kept the enthusiasm right up. tions, some of them of the highest rank, but not sufficient to enable them to recover from the it is questionable whether they were fatigues of the long marches and desperate engagements. Then there were the prison- fifes and drums—the shrill and rattling music that was so common when men were doing the to die of starvation rather than be false to the things which afterward entitled them to membership in the beneficial and patriotic order

ing and thumping behind that bronze and rib-

bon badge which will ever be honorable.

coming down and reach their forming spot on not, the representatives of the military, com Virginia avenue. Back of these posts march mittees of the senate and house, Chairman surrounded and stepping in double column with men from Massac